

**THE DAILY EXAMINER**

FEBRUARY 24, 1900

**THE TUBERCULINE QUESTION.**

A Leading Canadian Breeder's Views.

The following is an extract from an article on Dairy Farming in Canada, by Richard Gibson, Delaware, Ontario, in the November number of the English Stock-breeders' Magazine. Though we do not entirely endorse the views expressed by the writer on every phase of the subject, yet it gives an idea of how leading breeders view this tuberculine scare:

"The good name for our stock, for which we have fought for years in the show yards of the United States, the lifetime efforts of men who have given this Province a name, not on this continent alone, but a name wherever Shorthorns and Ayrshires are known—the work of these men has been ruthlessly set aside for a fanatical tuberculine craze, a craze so inopportune. Just when we were rallying from a period of inaction, when the wave rolled back, and every herd in Canada and the United States was crying out aloud for fresh blood, this spectre appeared, and unless his spirit can be laid, good-bye to importations, good-bye to all the money that has been so ungrudgingly spent within Britain's borders; and our destiny which was so bright will be hidden under a veterinarian's pall which will be so dense that until we can get a "Minister of Agriculture" who can shake off these professional parasites, and who is a

PRACTICAL FARMER

himself, and can detect the false from spurious,

"Ring out the false  
Ring in the true."

our star is eclipsed.

"A word here. My own opinion is our thoroughbred herds have suffered many times over more from abortion than tuberculous.

"Again when this tuberculous scare is the genuine article, when every human being that is suspected is isolated, test every vat—let every one in authority, from the Minister of Agriculture, who enforces this ruling down to the mental who puts it in force, go through the ordeal, and not a breeder or farmer will object to have his stock go through the same; but they do object to have them made puppets for the sake of the whim of a despotic Minister.

"Did any of your readers ever travel in a sleeping car west of Chicago in the fall? One half the occupants in some cases, are going to the mountains to prolong life—a fair wreck. Consumption, the old term, is visible to the naked eye. When reaching Omaha the car linen is changed but the blankets are used the next night, as before; no disinfection, no danger suspected. Have we not been in the habit of dining with the poor fellows, and I may add sleeping with them.

For the sake of Collins and Bates and Knightly, do not, for goodness sake, ever let the veterinarians get ahead of their time in England. They have done so in Canada through the weakness of the Agricultural Department whose head is an American farmer.

"But the changes occur, and when the result of this outrageous system is known

throughout the country we may hope for a change; and the early efforts of our breeders will not be entirely thrown away. I feel strongly upon this point. I take a higher stand, and feel I have expressed myself in such a manner that I cannot be blamed for lukewarmness. Why? Have I suffered personally? No! I speak for the country at large, not from personal motives. This is the meeting of the waters. Never did Canadian agriculturists more sorely need, one who could represent their capital, and the result of their energy and enterprise in the past, than at the present moment. We shall not suffer alone, but England's breeders, whose names are to us household words, will suffer also. Cut off England's foreign trade, and where are your breeders? Worse than ourselves! Is there no way to choke off this nightmare?"

**A TRIBUTE.**

[Jamaica Plain News.]

The death of Ina, the youngest and dearly beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo McAulay, of 1 Weld Hill Street, on February 2, seems to have thrown a gloom over our little community.

Only those who knew and felt the loveliness of her nature can realize what her loss has been to the family. Rarely do we find children whose mind and intellect so far exceed their years. Although but thirteen years of age she was in the graduating class of St. Thomas' Parochial School, and was a bright and clever pianist. But far above these earthly attainments shone the beauty and gentleness of her personality. Her nature was kindness and sympathy itself, and her loss is deeply mourned by young and old. The funeral, which took place the following Sunday, was largely attended, both at her home and at St. Thomas' Church, where the services were held. The floral offerings were both costly and beautiful and came from far and wide in great profusion, there being more than thirty designs.

A beautiful white casket held the remains, and all things befitting the pure soul which had gone.

Through this paper we wish to tender to the family the deepest sympathy of those who knew and loved the little one.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me,  
For such is the kingdom of heaven."

[Mr. and Mrs. McAulay, referred to above, have many friends and relatives in this province who will sympathize with them in the loss they have sustained.]

**Mr. Foster on Temperance.**

Hon. G. E. Foster spoke to over 3,000 people at a meeting under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League in Toronto on Sunday. Mr. Foster spoke of the change in the last fifty years in the public attitude to the drink question, pointing out that apathy and indifference had given place to eager antagonism to the traffic. He did not expect an entire extermination of the liquor traffic until the millennium. The fight must continue along educational lines as it had done. Legislative reform must have attention, although sometimes he was inclined to think that in a mistaken zeal for attainment of prohibition, too much energy was put into that side of the work. There was no royal road to prohibition. Neither resolutions of churches, of legislators, or of the people themselves, by a plebiscite, would bring it about. The only thing that would do so would be a firm and abiding conviction among the body of the



**RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS RECONNOITERING.**

Rimington's Scouts, or "Rimington's Tigers" so called from the strip of leopard's skin worn round their hat, are a picked body of Colonial horsemen serving with Lord Methuen, and have a thorough knowledge of the country. The fine scouting they have done has earned for themselves the name of the "Eyes and Ears of the Brigade."

[Boston Globe]

electors that prohibition should come, and the sending of men of equally firm conviction to Parliament to enact the law and enforce it. Mr. Foster's last statement was greeted with loud applause.

Between May 29th and November 3rd the Kensington dairy station received 2,943,475 pounds of milk from 245 patrons which was made into 286,451 pounds of cheese selling for 10.03 cents a pound. The percentage of fat was 3.71. The average value of milk to patrons was 79.09 cents per 100 pounds, and of butter fat 21.285 cents per pound. Cheese was made for 1 1/2 cents per pound.

**A STARTLING CASE.**

"I can't imagine what's wrong with me. My food doesn't agree with me, and I feel sick and wretched after eating. I have a sensation of being bloated after each meal, sour, watery liquid rises from my stomach to my mouth, and gas belches up constantly. I find it difficult to breathe, my head aches fearfully, my appetite is changeable, my nerves are utterly unstrung, and I feel weak, played out, and entirely unfit for anything but lie down and quarrel with myself and everyone about me.

Such is the why a Toronto lady described her condition a couple of weeks ago.

She looked miserable. She was pale, thin and feeble. Her face was covered with pimples. She was a living picture of ill health.

A friend advised her to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. She did so. Today she is another woman. Her complexion is pure and clear, she is plump and healthy looking, strong, energetic, her head is clear and her eyes bright, she eats and sleeps well, and is as happy as the day is long.

She was suffering from fear of the stomach. Her food did not digest, but lay a putrid mass, in the stomach, fermenting and creating offensive gas, and poisoning matter.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets directed her food, giving her at each a rest, and a chance to gain strength. They regulated the bowels which carried off the foul, poisonous matter that formerly rose from stomach to mouth. They cured her.

**DAIRY STATISTICS.**—The Dundas Dairying Association commenced work May 29th, 1899, and continued till November 4th, 1899. One hundred patrons supplied 727,516 pounds of milk from which 69,987 pounds of cheese were made. The average price per pound was 9.56 cents, and 10.4 pounds of milk were required to make one pound of cheese. For the making of butter 66 patrons supplied 98,066 pounds of milk from which 4,783 1/2 pounds of butter were made. The average price realized was 19 1/2 cents per pound; and 20 1/2 pounds of milk were needed to make a pound of butter.

The Murray Harbor station began work on June 8th, 1899 and continued until October 30th, 1899. Seventy-nine patrons supplied 725,627 pounds of milk, from which 67,872 pounds of cheese were made. The price realized was 9.79 cents per pound; and 10.6 pounds of milk were required to make one pound of cheese. The amount of butter fat was 25,419 lbs. worth 19.4 cts. per pound.

See the fine assortment of fancy biscuit in Beer & Goff's show window.

**Farmer Stout Opines.**

By gum! To see the duds  
A-takin attitudes  
Over a chris-an-the-mum  
Makes me sick, it does, I vum!  
An we can beat it fly'n,  
Right here to hum.

"Tis my opine  
They never seen a dandeline  
In the medder blowing!  
If their mas 'ud set 'em mowing  
The lawn a-mornin's, they'd cum  
To be more knowin'.

Though ye gott'er 'low lots of attitude  
A-reckon on a tar-nation dude.

**The Cause.**

A vision of gracefulness,  
Light as the doe,  
The shadows that fall on her  
Laugh as they go;

While, deep in the meadow,  
The wild flowers sweet,  
All humble, bend down  
'Neath her scornful young feet,

And in the green forest  
The wild, sparkling brook  
More gayly speeds on  
'Neath her lingering look.

All people who meet  
With her sweet, winning way  
More cheerily work  
For the rest of the day.

But, though she is fair,  
With her sparkling brown eyes  
And her sunny hair,  
Where the light never dies,

This maiden is sad,  
And I'll tell you what at—  
She dislikes the red trimming  
Upon her new hat.

—Buffalo Express.

**Didn't Forget Them.**



Visitor—And are you the eldest?  
Daughter of the House—No; I'm the eldest but two.

Visitor—Who are the other two?  
Daughter of the House—Father and mother.—Fun.

"Better late than never." It is best, however, to be never late about taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood. Take it now.

Hazard's Braumin Tea at Beer & Goff's.

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Everything you get is of  
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- Corn Gems, 10c per doz.
- Oatcake, 12c per lb.
- Cream Tartar Biscuit 10c per doz.
- Parker House Rolls 10c per doz.
- Ginger Snaps, 12c per lb.

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Bread 4c per loaf.

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Mostly 50c, 55c, 65c, quality—only one or two blouse lengths  
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be sorry when you see somebody else wearing the prettiest shirt  
waist you ever saw.

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